And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his ſhrowde,
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club daſh out my deſperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: ſtay *Tibalt* ſtay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.

La. Hold, take theſe keyes, and fetch more ſpices *Nurſe.*
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica,*
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for leſſe cauſe, and nere beene ſicke.
La. I you haue bin a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

Exit Lady *and* Nurſe.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with ſpits and logs and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haſte, make haſte ſirrah, fetch drier Logs,
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head ſir, that will find out Logs,
And neuer troble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Thou ſhalt be Loggerhead; good faith tis day.

Play Muſicke.

The Countie will be here with muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neere.
Nurſe, wife, what ho. what *Nurſe* I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Goe waken *Iuliet*, goe and trim her vp, Ile

Ile goe and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the Bridegroome, he is come alreadie, m
I ſay.
Nur. Miſtris, what Miſtris, *Iuliet*, faſt I warrant he
Why Lambe, why Ladie, fie you ſluggabed,
Why Loue I ſay, Madam, ſweet heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen: how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe:
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I muſt needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie's dead.
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady.
Mo. What noyſe is heere?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will dye with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. She's dead: deceaſt, ſhe's dead, alacke the day,
Mo. Alack the day, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.
Fa. Hah, let me ſee her, out alas ſhe's cold,
Her bloud is ſetled and her ioynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long beene ſeparated,
Death lyes on her like an vntimely froſt
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. O wofull time.